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62D CONGRESS }
3d Session }

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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GEORGE S. LEGARÉ

(Late a Representative from South Carolina)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND THE SENATE
OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-SECOND CONGRESS

Proceedings in the House
February 23, 1913

Proceedings in the Senate
March 1, 1913

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HON. GEORGE ELZARD

DEATH OF HON. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

FRIDAY, *January 31, 1913.*

The House met at 11 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Once more, Almighty God, our Father, we are brought face to face with the inevitable in the death of another Member of this House. Increase our faith in the immutability of Thy character and in the prolongation of life, that we may be comforted with his dear ones in the overruling of Thy providence for the eternal and everlasting good of Thy children. And help us to be ready when the summons comes that we may pass serenely on to the larger life. And Thine be the praise in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. JOHNSON of South Carolina. Mr. Speaker, it is my sad duty to announce to the House of Representatives the death of Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, a Representative from the State of South Carolina. I shall not take the time of the House now, but on some future occasion we shall ask the House to pay proper tribute to his memory. I offer the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows :

House resolution 804

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of 15 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expense in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The Chair will ask unanimous consent to have that resolution amended by providing for a committee of 16 Members instead of 15. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The resolution was agreed to; and the Speaker announced as the committee on the part of the House Messrs. Davidson, Loud, Wilson of Illinois, Andrus, Young of Kansas, Finley, Ellerbe, Johnson of South Carolina, Byrnes of South Carolina, Aiken of South Carolina, Lever, Hamlin, McLaughlin, Broussard, Reilly, and Booher.

Mr. JOHNSON of South Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I ask the Clerk to report the last resolution.

The Clerk read as follows :

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 42 minutes p. m.) the House, under the order heretofore adopted, adjourned until to-morrow, Saturday, February 1, 1913, at 11 o'clock a. m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

TUESDAY, *February 18, 1913.*

Mr. FINLEY. Mr. Speaker, I present the following order.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the same.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That Sunday, February 23, 1913, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the order.
The order was agreed to.

SUNDAY, *February 23, 1913.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

“Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For Thou hast been a shelter for me and a strong tower from the enemy. I will abide in Thy tabernacle forever; I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.”

From time immemorial, O God our Father, men's hearts have turned instinctively to Thee in great crises for help, in sorrow and grief for comfort, in every contingency for inspiration and guidance; so our hearts turn to Thee as we assemble in memory of men who by faithful service in State and Nation gained for themselves the respect and confidence of the people, wrought well among us, left the impress of their personality upon our minds, and made a place for themselves in our hearts which time nor space can erase. “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

“We leave this and straightway enter into another palace of the King more grand and beautiful.”

We mourn their going, but not without hope. We are cast down but not overwhelmed, dismayed but not confounded.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Enter Thou, O God our Father, into the desolate homes and bind up the bruised and broken hearts with the oil of Thy love, that they may look through their tears to the rainbow of hope and follow on without fear and doubting into that realm where all mysteries shall be solved, all sorrows melted into joy, soul touch soul in an everlasting communion; and eons of praise we will ever give to Thee, in the spirit of the Lord Christ. Amen.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the order in relation to Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Finley, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That Sunday, February 23, 1913, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Mr. JOHNSON of South Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER. The clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 867

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, late a Member of this House from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House at the conclusion of these exercises shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHNSON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: In presenting the resolutions which have just been read at the Clerk's desk, and moving their adoption, I take but little time of the House. I wish to call attention to the fact that this day we have paid tribute to seven deceased Members of Congress. Probably we have never in the history of the Government been called upon to mourn so many of our fellows as we have in the present Congress.

I have not prepared any speech for this occasion, because my duties in connection with the Committee on Appropriations have been so arduous and exacting that it was impossible for me to give such time to such preparation as I would like. I see around me many of the colleagues of GEORGE LEGARÉ who have had the opportunity and have prepared beautiful orations for this occasion. I am not given to the use of flowery language nor to flattery, but I wish to say in plain, simple, unadorned English that GEORGE LEGARÉ was the most loving and lovable man that I have ever known; he made more friends, and warmer and faster friends, than any man of our delegation, or, indeed, than any other Member that I have known in my service here. His manners were pleasing; he could adapt himself easily to his surroundings; but anywhere and everywhere and always he was a perfect gentleman. He came from a long line of Huguenot origin; he manifested the culture and the refinement and the mentality of a hundred years in training

and education; his mind was quick and penetrating; his judgment clear. Though frail of body, he was industrious, far more industrious than he ought to have been, to the very end. We can not understand why a young man of such mentality, refinement, culture, and usefulness should be cut down in what appeared to be the beginning of a great career, but faith tells us that it is right and all is well. The congressional party who attended the funeral at Charleston saw in that quaint, beautiful old city on every side and in every face evidence of the deep esteem and the affection that the people had for GEORGE LEGARÉ. It was manifest that as he had made friends with all men with whom he came in contact in Washington he had also made friends of all the people amongst whom he lived and with whom he came in contact in his own city.

In the presence of the largest crowd that I have ever seen at a funeral the friends of GEORGE LEGARÉ, with loving hands and bleeding hearts, laid him to rest in the beautiful Magnolia Cemetery in the beautiful city by the sea.

Mr. Finley at this point assumed the chair as Speaker *pro tempore*.

ADDRESS OF MR. LOUD, OF MICHIGAN

MR. SPEAKER: I can but feel most deeply impressed by the tributes paid to the memory of my friend and colleague. I hesitate to take part because I feel utterly incapable of portraying him as I really knew him, and because I realize that I lack the power of expression to correctly let the public see, as I should like to have it see, the finer, grander, and nobler qualities that made such a deep impress upon me.

It is one thing to know a man and to recognize his splendid attributes of mind and character; but it is quite another thing to have the ability to make others see as you yourself have seen.

Just as we admire in a beautiful picture the genius of the artist and yet are powerless to reproduce the painting, so sometimes in a friend we may see many noble qualities, qualities that attract and make everlasting impress, qualities that arouse great admiration and deep affection, and yet be unable to portray those qualities to our own satisfaction. GEORGE LEGARÉ came into Congress at the same time as myself and by fate we chanced to become acquainted at once. I found him a man of marked ability, gifted with quick perception, clear understanding, sound judgment, and clearness of expression. He seemed to have inherited from his Huguenot ancestry an exalted sense of honor that was apparent to everyone who came in contact with him. These attributes of ability and honor made him a Representative in this House of whom his district and State may well be proud.

Not only did I admire him for his mental ability, but more, far more, for the affectionate, loving qualities of his nature, which endeared him to me beyond expression. For years we lived in the same hotel, and with a group of closest friends were constantly together at the same table. As time went on he became to me almost a brother, and I realized that he was to me one of the dearest friends of a lifetime. It was a joy to us both to help each other in our congressional work. It was a joy and privilege to go with him to his own city of Charleston, to meet his home friends and enjoy their hospitality, and in return to entertain him in my Michigan home. While at my home he, a Democrat, was the honored guest of and delivered a splendid address to the McKinley Republican Club of our largest city at their annual banquet. He won the heart of every hearer instantly, and his visit is yet a loving memory to them all. His loving nature was shown in his family life, of which a visitor in the household once said that never had she seen a home in which the parents so entered into the lives of their children and made themselves children with them.

His affectionate nature endeared him to his associates to an extraordinary degree, and he was kindness itself and courteous always to all.

We who knew him best knew him as one who, like Abou Ben Adhem, loved his fellow men—

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,

ADDRESS OF MR. LOUD, OF MICHIGAN

And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came with great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

ADDRESS OF MR. LEVER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: My remarks on this solemn occasion shall be devoted to a brief recital of those characteristics of heart and mind which made our deceased colleague the best loved and most popular Member who has served in this body since my membership began. It is my desire to be as candid with him in death as he was with me, and all, in life. To him platitude and extravagance of statement did not appeal; he believed in the simple statement of truth in all things; and we would be untrue to him if we should assign to him virtues he did not possess or attribute to him characteristics to which he was not entitled, if in doing so we were thereby enabled to paint a more beautiful portrait. In dealing with the character, life, and service of a man of the character of GEORGE S. LEGARÉ extravagance of statement and imagination is not necessary. To sketch his life, just as he lived it, in simplest words and without adornment is sufficient to develop a painting of which any family may be proud and to furnish an example to all who may look to biography for inspiration and guidance.

It is my wish to discuss my friend as a man and as a public servant.

In personal appearance he was handsome, with broad forehead, clear complexion, and clean, clear brown eyes, in which were mirrored the kindliness and sympathy of his big soul. Physically he was not a big man, but there was a snap and grace about him at once attractive and indicative of great moral and mental force. He moved with the air of one who understood his purposes and had made up his mind to attain them. Any stranger passing

him by on the street, with no knowledge of who he was, would have turned to take a second look at him, just as I imagine no one could have passed the great Napoleon without being struck with the mental suggestion that here is an unusual man, whose outward appearance evidences the vigor of his mental and moral qualities.

In manner he was suave, polite, cordial, and unaffected; in disposition, genial; and in his attitude toward others, sympathetic and sincere. His personality was charming, delightful, magnetic, and, coupled with this, he was vouchsafed a rich imagination and an unusual power for felicitous expression. In addition to this, he was blessed with the divine art of bringing into action all of his faculties of mind and body to the best advantage at the opportune time. He was the complete master of himself in all respects, and accomplished his aims in life with the precision and directness of one who is in complete dominancy of self.

His magnetism was irresistible; it was impossible to know him, to come into contact with him, without falling under the inspiration of his thought and purposes. You were drawn to him, and, as it were, became a copartner with him the moment you crossed into the circle of his personality. You found yourself involuntarily thinking as he thought, feeling as he felt, wishing as he wished, and going as he went. Intimacy began with your first meeting, and your friendship for him lasted ever thereafter. The friendship you bore for him differed from that you held for all others of your acquaintances. There was in it a subtle quality which made it more than friendship, which elevated it to the pedestal of love. No one ever liked GEORGE LEGARÉ; each loved him. He was the type to whom you go when the heart is harrowed with sorrow and the mind is afire with doubt. You felt a reliance in his judgment and a certainty of his unreserved

sympathy. No skeleton in the closet was so ghastly as to make you unwilling to uncover it to him in the fullest confidence. His appeal went to the stronger and at the same time gentler impulses of the heart. You respected his courage, trusted his judgment, and relied upon his confidence. These were the qualities which endeared him in such a remarkable degree to the membership of this House and fixed for him a place in the affection of the people of his district and State rarely attained.

As a public servant, both in State and National affairs, he was able, courageous, alert, and patriotic. Considering the handicap under which he labored in this House, the impress of his influence upon its course is a splendid tribute to his ability and aggressiveness. Serving as he did most of the time as a Member of the minority party, his accomplishments for his district and State bear strong testimony to his worth and capacity as a legislator. No man with whom I have served had deeper convictions upon public questions than had he, nor is there any who held to them with greater tenacity. He was a splendid fighter, a superb organizer, and an eloquent advocate. His speeches came at infrequent periods, but they were well prepared, well conceived, comprehensively wrought, evidencing a thorough understanding of the fundamentals of representative Government, a broad sympathy with humanity, and an accurate forecast of coming events.

It is safe to predict that had he been spared to us, he would have become a leading figure in Congress, for in this body, where the doctrine of the survival of the fittest is so greatly emphasized, leadership comes as the result of conviction, preparation, courage, and ability. This is no place for the weak, either in mental or moral fiber, and GEORGE LEGARÉ was preeminently strong in both. It is sad, almost inexplicable, that with so much to live for, with the country in such great need of the kind of man he

was, he should be cut down in the very fullness of that opportunity for service.

As a Representative his work was peculiarly trying and demanded a skill and diplomacy of the highest order. In addition to a number of rapidly developing agricultural counties, he was the especial spokesman—ambassador—of that historic city, the first to throw down the challenge in defense of the institutions of the old South and the last to readjust itself in accordance with the mandates of that most fearful of civil wars. Charleston, for the past two decades, has been taking on gradually but certainly a new civilization and giving up an old one which made her famous throughout the world. To represent accurately, to make the Nation understand it all, to bring about a mutuality of confidence between the people of this city and the people of all the country, to lead, and yet not too rapidly, required a tact of which few can boast. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ vividly foresaw the coming glory of his State and the proud city of his birth, and recognizing the absolute necessity of establishing a cordial relationship between them and the Nation, he set himself assiduously to bring it about, and he did. A lesser man, with less of good common sense and of different personality, could not have accomplished it. It was a mission of the highest patriotism, and what he did in this respect for the State and for Charleston regardless of all else he accomplished for them will live in history as his most notable achievement in the affairs of men.

Of distinguished and aristocratic ancestry he, like so many others of this class, was forced by the fortunes of war to win his spurs unaided save by the endowment of Providence. Mr. LEGARÉ was in very truth a self-made man. Proud of the splendid records of his ancestors, he was not ashamed of the fact that at an early age he was forced to become a breadwinner and to fight his own bat-

ties. Out of all misfortune there comes some good, and to his early struggles in life I attribute his splendid faith in the people and his confidence in their capacity for self-government. His sympathies were with the great body of the American people, and to their welfare was devoted his chiefest energy. He believed implicitly in the wisdom of the Constitution of his country, and was profoundly convinced that the safety of our institutions, the happiness and prosperity of our people, lay in the perpetuation of representative government as given to us in the Constitution. One of his most impressive utterances upon the floor of the House was that in which he warned eloquently and earnestly against the tendency to depart from the broad principles of that great document except after the widest discussion and most thorough deliberation.

And now, Mr. Speaker, as we mourn for him to-day may we not comfort ourselves with the thought that, though never again shall we have him with us, yet he has left to us the memory of a most loyal and unselfish friendship, the example of a life well lived, a battle bravely fought, a death courageously met?

I desire to insert in the Record excerpts from the Charleston News and Courier touching the death of our beloved colleague, as a further evidence of the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him best.

The SPEAKER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

The matter referred to is as follows:

A city's people stand bowed in grief over the loss of a beloved friend and trusted leader. Multitudes were shocked and countless hearts were grieved when the news of the death of Congressman GEORGE S. LEGARÉ was read yesterday morning. In all walks of life men mourned his loss. Men who had known him spoke in hushed voices on the streets, and when they gathered in their homes his death was the topic that filled the minds of all.

Few sections of the United States were not represented in the telegrams of condolence that poured in yesterday. GEORGE

LEGARÉ's popularity in Congress was attested by the numerous and beautiful messages of love and affection from his congressional colleagues. Among these messages were tributes that filled the heart of the reader to overflowing. Some said of him that he was the best loved man of all the men in Congress. Especially touching were the large number of telegrams received from friends in Pickens, S. C., where he had spent his summers in recent years.

Going through the streets yesterday one saw on every side of him tributes of respect to the memory of the dead Congressman. The official flag of the city of Charleston floated at half-mast from above the city hall. The Stars and Stripes were likewise draped, as if in grief, on the top of the post-office building. Flags were at half-mast on many other buildings, including the German Artillery Hall and the Hibernian Hall, of both of which societies Congressman LEGARÉ had been a member for several years. One noticed several boats on the river to-day with flags at half-mast.

The praises of the lamented leader were not sung merely in the high places by those who had known him intimately. One heard expressions of the sincerest grief from men who had never met the Congressman, but who had merely seen him or heard him speak. The universal sentiment was that distressed humanity had lost a faithful friend when GEORGE LEGARÉ passed across the bar. The unanimity with which his name was lovingly mentioned, the high praise bestowed upon his lofty character, the sincere grief of his stricken friends were things to inspire all who noted them to live their lives so that when their call came their memory would be held in similar sacredness and affection by those they left behind them.

Below are printed a number of tributes to Congressman LEGARÉ, written by a few of the thousands who knew and loved him. There would not be space in a hundred newspapers to print all the tender and loving things that have been said about him since his death.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

Fearlessness of responsibility, indomitable energy, tenacity of purpose, devotion to duty, liberality of disposition, and fidelity to friends were the characteristics of my lamented companion, GEORGE LEGARÉ. He was essentially a self-made man and through his own exertions "exacted from the grasp of reluctant fortune"

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that success which crowned his life. From early boyhood to the day of his death there existed between us that intimacy which gave me opportunity to know his worth and appreciate his merit. When in the fullness of his strength he accomplished his daily tasks and effectively performed the duties undertaken by him. He never betrayed those who believed in him, and reciprocity of gratitude was his guiding star. It is unutterably sad to realize that we shall be forever deprived of the sound of his cheery voice, of his genial smile, of his cordial greeting, of his hearty handclasp, of his wise counsel, and inspiring patriotism, but our consolation is that we need never forget. He has left an heritage of which his family and friends may justly be proud and an example worthy of constant emulation by those who would be true to their God, their country, their home, and their fellow man.

M. RUTLEDGE RIVERS.

The loss of GEORGE LEGARÉ to his State and city is difficult to estimate. There was no worthy public cause to which he did not freely contribute his unexcelled talents, his time, and his means. Many accomplished public measures are his lasting monuments.

The bar of Charleston has lost its strongest jury advocate and his multitude of friends their most loyal, genial, and lovable companion.

B. A. HAGOOD.

With thousands of others I feel the loss of the Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ. In the friendship we felt for the man and in the pleasure we had in his charming companionship we may have lost sight somewhat of the extent of his abilities and the brilliance of his career. He was a man of keen foresight and large perception, of strong character, and of marked eloquence. We can but feel that the career he had, brilliant as it was, would have been but the beginning of a far greater fame in the annals of the Nation had life and health been granted him.

ARTHUR R. YOUNG.

There was a magnetic lovable-ness about GEORGE LEGARÉ that made personal attraction nothing less than a power. Combined with this and with brilliant gifts was a boldness, a maturity, and

decision of character strongly at variance with his youthful face and the genial smile that so often lighted it.

I have seen him in times of stress. His courage never faltered. He was cool, cheerful, and able. His sight was clear, and he was prompt to act when he saw. There are many who knew and have profited by this quality in the man.

He filled a large place in the hearts of his friends. He made himself a notable figure in a large field. He will be missed and mourned by very many.

WM. HENRY PARKER.

GEORGE LEGARÉ was essentially a lovable man. Nature had endowed him with many characteristics which men praise and admire; he had many traits which made men recognize him as a man of genius and brilliancy; but when in close contact with him one forgot for the time his genius and brilliancy and simply loved him for the bigness of his heart and for his ready sympathy with the needs and aspirations of his fellows.

He was a lawyer of tremendous power; he was in many respects a statesman of large vision and of vigorous mentality; but more than these, he was to those who knew him a true and generous-hearted friend, and as such will always be remembered and loved.

H. L. ERCKMANN.

As one of the thousands who knew GEORGE LEGARÉ—and to know him was to love him—will you allow me to add my feeble tribute to his memory?

I can think of no one whose death would bring more genuine sorrow into the homes of the people of his congressional district than that of my friend GEORGE LEGARÉ. Gifted with a peculiar charm of manner, he bound his friends to him with links of steel.

Generous to a fault, there was nothing too good for a friend. His word was his bond. There is no use to speak of what he accomplished for his congressional district; we are now reaping the reward of his labors. When time with its soothing hand allays the bitterness of our grief, the memory of his manly tenderness and charm will still be with us to brighten our onward journey, even unto the end.

WILLIAM H. DUNKIN.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE LEGARÉ

The news of the final end of the Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ is sad indeed. I had occasion to visit him at his home in St. Andrews on January 16, and while it was apparent that he was a very ill man I did not think he would pass away so soon.

His great power was his personality. He was a kindly man, with a warm heart and personal charm in his intercourse with his fellows that engendered a marked personal affection for him. This was the true foundation of his successful career as an advocate and the Representative of his district in Congress. Charleston owes much to this son of hers, whom she delighted to honor with her confidence. Requiescat in pace.

HENRY BUIST.

My sense of personal loss is so overwhelming I can scarcely trust myself to speak of GEORGE LEGARÉ's death. We were boys together and throughout our entire life have been the warmest personal friends. His unusual success in life has always been the greatest source of gratification to me, and in his death I think the whole State, and particularly the community in which he lived and the district which he so ably represented, have sustained an irreparable loss.

As a public servant he was ever watchful, zealous, and untiring in his efforts to advance the interests of his constituents.

As a friend he was loyal to a degree of complete forgetfulness of self and would sacrifice any personal advantage at any time to serve his friend, and in this relation his loss will be most keenly felt and universally deplored.

As a man he was without reproach and his public and private life may well serve as an inspiration for generations to come.

His warm, welcome, genial smile and close comradeship will never be forgotten by anyone who ever knew him or who was ever permitted to come within reach of its benign influence.

It is doubtful if this generation or the next will ever produce his equal.

W. J. STOREN.

The death of GEORGE S. LEGARÉ has deprived his district of a valuable Representative, and in Congress his loss will be seriously felt. He will live long and lovingly in the memory of those who knew him, for to have had his friendship one enjoyed the com-

EXCERPTS FROM CHARLESTON NEWS AND COURIER

panionship of a noble character. He was ever honest and steadfast to duty as he saw it; firm and faithful to any principle that he knew was right, to which was combined the tenderness of an ardent and a sympathetic nature that gave him a magnetic personality. GEORGE LEGARÉ was absolutely a self-made man, and in doing his life's work he gathered to him men of every condition and in every walk of life, all of whom became his friends; so that to-day the banker, the mechanic, the merchant, and the laborer alike feel keenly the death of him whom they all knew and called "GEORGE." He was zealous and deeply devoted to his work in Congress for the good of his district, and but few of his constituents are aware of that which he accomplished by his energy, pluck, and attractiveness. It was in his home life, however, and with his closest friends that he was at his best. His ideals were the happiness of his father and mother, his wife and children, for whom he had built a future of comfort and contentment; this, alas, so soon has been wrecked. It is such characters as GEORGE LEGARÉ that make the world brighter and better. His duty has been properly and patriotically performed and he has made mankind his debtor. The regret occasioned by his death is as widespread as he was worthy and estimable, as he was high-minded, generous-hearted, brilliant, and true.

A. MOLONY.

Mr. LEGARÉ's qualifications as an advocate merit too high a praise to be spoken in a word. He appealed most to me through the deep sympathy which went out from him to his fellow men—all of them—and by the fact that he dedicated his life to practical services for them. If I may say so, it was the humanity of the man which won and rightly held for GEORGE LEGARÉ the real affection of his people.

ALFRED HUGER.

I have been intimately associated with GEORGE LEGARÉ since his early boyhood, and he was in every sense of the word a grand and noble man. Possessed with unusual ability and superb judgment, together with his personal magnetism, it was no surprise to those who knew him that he rose so rapidly once having entered on his public career. It will be difficult to find any

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citizen in our State who held such a firm hold upon the masses in every walk of life. Our city and our State have lost one of their noblest sons.

J. ELMORE MARTIN.

My conception of GEORGE LEGARÉ can not adequately be expressed in words. He was a courageous and masterful man, yet tender and sympathetic as a woman. A truer and more steadfast friend never lived. He was my bosom friend.

W. L. HARRIS.

ADDRESS OF MR. AIKEN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: "The good die young." Whoever first spoke these words probably had in his mind the thought that the world can ill afford to lose the good at any time. In the case of GEORGE SWINTON LEGARÉ they have a literal as well as figurative meaning. He was young in years, and he was good far beyond the ordinary application of the word. He had barely crossed the threshold of matured manhood. He was in that period of life which ordinarily marks a man's greatest promise of physical and mental vigor.

His mentality was abnormally broad and strong. His impulses were pure as a crystal spring, his actions governed by the inspiration of duty and the dictates of justice and fairness. His character was as clean as the driven snow. As man, as husband and father, as friend, he stood as the very highest type. As a citizen of the Republic, in his devotion to his obligations as such, and in the more than conscientious discharge of his duties as a legislator he was beyond compare. Verily, he died too young.

It is inexpressibly sad to contemplate the passing of a friend whose years were but few, as years are measured in the career of public men. At the time of his death GEORGE LEGARÉ was only 42 years of age. Of those little more than two score years he had spent 15 serving his State and his country. For 10 years he was a Member of this House. He and I came together to the Fifty-eighth Congress. From the very beginning of his service here until the very last he gave the best that was in him to his legislative work. Aye, Mr. Speaker, he gave his very life,

for though the disease which means death had gripped him in its grasp, though he knew that to continue in his work meant for him the shortening of life, though dear ones implored and friends pleaded that he should give himself some respite, he never yielded to the soft entreaties, but firmly persevered until the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken.

We who saw and heard him on this floor, keenly attentive to every important measure, unvaryingly observant of everything that concerned his district and his State, participating in debate with the skill and eloquence of the born advocate; his colleagues on the Committees on Foreign Affairs, and Banking and Currency, and Patents, who noted his assiduous labors there and were witnesses of the care with which he regarded every proposition, recognized the fact that the frail body of GEORGE LEGARÉ harbored an indomitable spirit, and paid him the silent tribute of profound respect.

But, Mr. Speaker, GEORGE LEGARÉ was more than respected. He was beloved by all who knew him. Why? Because he was the apostle of sunshine and of cheerfulness; because kindness fairly exuded from his personality; because "every smile was a benediction and all speech a blessing." It may be doubted if even his closest friends fully knew how utterly he sacrificed himself upon the altar of public duty, just what effort it cost him not to sadden them with even the semblance of suffering. When the inroads of his malady took too severe a hold upon his endurance he hastened to some far-off spot partially to regain his waning powers, and after a brief season of rest and recreation he returned to his work with undaunted spirit and a smile on his face to reassure the anxious ones.

He preserved the best traditions of a distinguished ancestry, for he was of that family of Legaré whose sons

have ever been among the truest of the old Palmetto State. In the early days of the Republic Hugh Swinton Legaré was a Representative in Congress after having been in the Diplomatic Service, and later was called by President Tyler into his Cabinet with the portfolio of the Attorney General. The earliest history of South Carolina finds the Legarés in and near Charleston, and from that historic city our departed friend was sent to Washington. There he had earned his spurs as a lawyer, holding his own with the ablest members of the bar. There he served for five years as public prosecutor, relinquishing that important office only when he was called up higher to represent his district in the Congress of the United States. If he had been spared, who shall say that the Senate would not have become his forum, or that, like his ancestor, he would have sat at the President's council board?

Mr. Speaker, I have already referred to that trait in our friend's character which preeminently distinguished him—his sunny disposition. It so pervaded his whole existence that I feel I shall not violate the canons of good taste by expatiating upon him. GEORGE LEGARÉ was an optimist of purest ray serene; not subjective merely, but objective in the highest degree. His optimism was contagious. It radiated from him to the furthest limit of those who were brought into contact with him. It was his gospel. He preached it from the housetops, as it were. He waged incessant warfare against the spirits of darkness and despair, and they fled before his onslaught. In his view the world was good and getting better all the time. For him there was no evil so great but that the fountain of his all-embracing catholicity found a remedy. And while he would never agree that anything could be so bad as to be beyond the possibility of cure, so he also held that nothing in this world is so good but that it may be better.

This beautiful optimism had its root, I doubt not, in an abiding faith in the promise of the life to come. I doubt not but that in his heart there always echoed and reechoed the words of the Master:

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

In no other way could he have borne each day's sufferings with humble resignation nor ever turned a hopeful heart to the morrow. From that same font sprang his love for his fellow men. The current of his thought flowed ever outward, ever toward others, ever toward places where burdens might be lightened or sorrows assuaged, and where the tears of grief might be dried by words and acts of kindness and sympathy.

He was thoroughly honest, not in deed alone but in thought. He accepted the trust reposed in him by his people with no mental reservation as to self. No motto fits him so well as that in the coat of arms of the Prince of Wales, "Ich dien," for service—true, faithful, watchful, unceasing service—was the badge of his whole career. Public office was to him no incentive to personal gain. He could see neither honor nor profit save in doing his fullest duty to his constituents, to his State, and to the Nation. He never compromised with wrong. To him black was black and white was white, and there were no intermediate shadings. Friend or foe always knew where to find him, for he went into battle with open visor. Democrat to the backbone, he never placed party above country, and his political adversaries always found in him a fair and generous opponent.

That upon the death of such a man there should have arisen a very symphony of sorrow is not surprising. I

shall cite but a few of those mournful eulogies. One of his colleagues from a distant State said in his message:

He was the finest man I ever knew. No one could have better character or truer heart. He always stood for the best there was in life and legislation.

From men in his State came words like these:

There was no public cause to which he did not freely contribute his unexcelled talents, his time, and his means.

I have seen him in time of stress. His courage never faltered. He was cool, cheerful, and able. His sight was clear, and he was prompt to act when he saw.

He was in many respects a statesman of large vision and of vigorous mentality. But more than these—he was to those who knew him a true and generous-hearted friend, and as such he will always be remembered and loved.

Gifted with a peculiar charm of manner, he bound his friends to him with links of steel.

And, Mr. Speaker, the last one of these tributes which I shall cite is the best of all, because it was paid by one who knew him all through life, and it epitomizes all that has been or can be said of him:

As a public servant he was ever watchful, zealous, and untiring in his efforts to advance the interests of his constituents. As a friend he was loyal to a degree of complete forgetfulness of self, and would sacrifice any personal advantage at any time to serve his friend, and in this relation his loss will be most keenly felt and universally deplored. As a man he was without reproach, and his public and private life may well serve as an inspiration for generations to come.

Pomp and circumstance did not mark the last rites when the remains of GEORGE LEGARÉ were given, in beautiful Magnolia Cemetery, to the bosom of Mother Earth, but the great outpouring of the people was a magnificent tribute paid to the memory of their friend and neighbor. Over

his last resting place no great mausoleum or cloud-piercing obelisk may be reared. More fitting will it be if the seed be sown from which will blossom flowers typifying the beauty and fragrance of his brief span of life. With each recurring spring, as a beautiful German song has it, they will blossom up from the heart of the dead and lift their heads toward heaven as an offering of love. In the hearts of his friends he built for himself a monument of love which can vanish only with the last heartbeat of the last one of them all.

To all who knew him he bequeathed the precious legacy of a spotless life; to his country, the memory of faithful service; and to posterity, the example of civic virtue.

ADDRESS OF MR. DAVIDSON, OF WISCONSIN

MR. SPEAKER: It is eminently fitting and proper that this hour should be set apart for services in memory of our dead colleague.

This arena, usually the scene of turmoil and strife, is to-day reverently peaceful and quiet.

To-day we have put aside partisanship, put aside the strife for legislative success. To-day we have forgotten that we are even legislators, and remember only that we are men, human men, with all the love and affection and sympathy that one human heart can have for another. We remember that we have lost a friend and brother, one who was especially near and dear to us.

GEORGE S. LEGARÉ was one of God's noblemen; no better man ever lived. He came here, nearly 10 years ago, as the Representative of the first district of South Carolina. He was a young man, as years measure life.

He looked upon the work before him as something real, something worth while, something worthy of his best energy, his highest ambition.

From the beginning of his service in this House he was an active, efficient worker. There never was any doubt as to where he stood upon any public question, and while he was always forceful in defending his opinions he was ever tolerant with those who differed with him.

He was always active in behalf of the interests of his district, and the building up of the Charleston Navy Yard and the improvement of the Charleston Harbor are monuments of his efficiency as a Representative.

When he first came to Washington he was a robust athlete of splendid physique.

It is said that "Death loves a shining mark." Certainly, in this case, the "white plague" laid its withering blight upon a "shining mark," and it almost seems as if his life was required as a sacrifice in order that the Nation might be stimulated to greater effort to eradicate this dread disease.

At the instance of the present President of the United States, then Secretary of War, arrangements were made for Mr. LEGARÉ to take treatment at the Army sanitarium in New Mexico. Under this treatment he improved, and subsequently he spent his vacations in the mountain region of his own State, hoping that the air and climate of that section might aid him in his fight for health.

For a number of months the battle seemed to wage in his favor; but, true to a characteristic predominant in his make-up, he could not refrain from taking an active part in the campaign of last fall, not for his own reelection, because that was assured, but in behalf of a friend who had favored him. I fear this extra strain upon his already weakened constitution hastened his untimely death.

Be that as it may, those who knew him well feel certain that he would have gone to the aid of his friend just the same had he known in advance that such action would give an advantage to the malady with which he was contending.

Here on the floor of this House in the discharge of our legislative duties we find but little time for the cultivation of social relations.

It was my good fortune for several years to be intimately associated with Mr. LEGARÉ in a social way. We lived at the same hotel, we ate at the same table. Our families became intimate friends.

It is under such circumstances that you come to know men best and to better realize their true worth.

During all the years of that close and intimate association nothing ever occurred to lessen in any degree the esteem and love I had for this colleague. He was to me more like a brother than a colleague. In his presence I never realized that I was a Republican and he a Democrat; that I was from the North and he from the South; but I was always impressed with the fact that I was associating with a gentleman.

By birth, education, and environment he was a gentleman. It is not necessary for me to say that he was a southern gentleman, because, I take it, gentlemen are very much alike the world over. He, however, possessed all those characteristics and instincts which prompted him to do the gentlemanly thing instantly and under every and all circumstances.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

The congressional committee appointed to attend upon his burial realized when it arrived at Charleston that a city was in mourning. On every hand there was abundant evidence of the affection, esteem, and honor which the people of that city had for GEORGE LEGARÉ. Flags were at half-mast everywhere, and the thousands who gathered at the home, who were present at the church, and who, with bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes, lined the streets over which the funeral cortège passed, gave evidence of the personal loss they had sustained.

As the long procession approached the Second Presbyterian Church, where a brief memorial service was to be held, and as the chimes rang out in sweet tones that beautiful hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee," with the knowledge that our dear friend had just crossed the river, it seemed as if we were a little "Nearer, my God, to Thee" than ever before.

At Magnolia Cemetery, in the shadow of the beautiful live oaks and amid a profusion of floral emblems, mute but beautiful tokens of the love and affection of his friends, we buried him.

Our duty there fully performed, we turned our faces again to the northward and to this Capitol, here to resume our legislative duties, but not soon to forget the splendid character, the noble qualities, and the kind heart of our friend whom we had left behind.

Less than two years ago the angel of death visited this afflicted home and took from it the youngest child, a most beautiful and loving little daughter. This sad blow came unexpectedly and as the result of an accident.

Mrs. Legaré and the children were at their home. Mr. LEGARÉ had been in Washington, but at that hour was journeying homeward unconscious of the accident or what awaited him. A friend met him at the depot, partially apprised him of what had happened, and hastened him to the bedside of the injured child. The little one had appeared unconscious, and yet when he spoke to her and said, "Tiny, do you know me?" holding her little hands toward him she said, "Yes, daddy; I know you," and, with a smile still lingering on her lips, her eyes closed in death.

During all the years since this malady afflicted him Mr. LEGARÉ fought courageously for his life that he might be spared to care for his wife and family. He fought a good fight. He never faltered. He never surrendered, even to the last hour of his existence. And yet somehow I can not but feel that, relieved from all the pain and suffering, he passed from this world to the great beyond consoled with the thought that at least he would not be a stranger to everyone over there, but that he would find waiting for him little Tiny, with her sweet smile and outstretched arms, and he would hear her dear voice saying "Daddy, I am waiting for you."

To us it seems as if he was taken at almost the threshold of an active life, and yet he had done much for his city, much for his country, much for his friends and family, and we can well believe that the plans of an all-wise Providence are not made by chance, and that in the taking away of this splendid type of American citizen and public servant a lesson is taught to us that, if duly appreciated, will redound to the welfare of the Nation and the benefit of mankind.

The home life of Mr. LEGARÉ was ideal. He was a loving son, a devoted husband, a tender and thoughtful father. The parents, in their advancing years, are deprived of the joy and comfort which his coming always brought to them. The loss, however, of the bereaved wife and children is beyond reckoning. The one has lost a loving and devoted companion, the others a generous, kind-hearted parent.

May God in His loving mercy care for and protect them.

May the three sweet daughters, just budding into young womanhood, be shielded from every harm, and may the little boy "Billie" grow into manhood, having ever before him the recollection of the splendid character and noble achievements of his father, and become such a man as his father would have wished.

To the bereaved wife do we extend our deepest sympathy. She has been so brave and courageous through it all. For months she cared for the home and family of little ones while her heart was away out in the West with her stricken husband fighting for his life.

And then, through all these later years, how faithful and devoted she had been. Though her heart was breaking with the knowledge of what the end must be, she never faltered, but bravely discharged with much feeling and great tenderness every duty of wife and mother.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE LEGARÉ

She will have such comfort and care as loving children and devoted relatives and friends can give, but she will miss, oh, so much, the love and companionship of the one who was so devoted to her.

May God comfort her as she sits alone amid the desolate ruins of a once happy fireside:

Waiting, waiting, waiting for the touch of a vanished hand,
For the sound of a voice that is still.

ADDRESS OF MR. ELLERBE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: Tears came unbidden to many in this Hall who had known and loved GEORGE LEGARÉ when, on January 31 last, the news came that the brave battle which he had been fighting with disease and death was over and that he had passed before us into the great beyond.

A peculiar sense of personal bereavement is felt when life goes out from those whom we deeply love. It is in this sense that the death of GEORGE LEGARÉ falls with crushing force upon those who had been his daily associates.

GEORGE—"Our GEORGE," as every man in his district knew him and as his friends in Washington loved to call him—had been always so ready to toss aside his own burdens in order to lighten a brother's load by helping him to bear it that his friends often forgot how heavy his burden of ill health must be. He was all light and sunshine, and we who were nearest him never realized what a Gethsemane he must have known in those hours when he came face to face with the knowledge that the life which had been so full of helpfulness and accomplishment must be closed while his hopes and ambitions were still at their height.

Many men would have become morbid and under the weight of this knowledge would have lost heart for the struggle, but not GEORGE. Whether he were here or at home, his energy and work for his State and his district were unceasing, and so greatly did we all love him that we rivaled each other in carrying out the measures that he had planned. No congressional district in the United

States was better served than the first district of South Carolina during GEORGE LEGARÉ's 10 years in Congress.

Born of a line of ancestors who have contributed to our country many of her finest jurists and statesmen, GEORGE LEGARÉ early determined to be worthy of his distinguished name. It was his pride to tell of his own efforts toward the accomplishment of his ambition. Character and brain were more plentiful than money in Charleston during the seventies, and GEORGE LEGARÉ worked hard and saved the money with which he paid for his education at the South Carolina college. Having won the friendship of the late Col. George D. Tillman while at college, he was given a clerkship in Washington, and here he studied law and learned the elements of that legislative work to which he later brought so much ability and power. Having graduated in law at Georgetown University in 1893, he was admitted to the bar in South Carolina, and became associated with the firm of Murphy, Farrow & Legaré, in Charleston. In the law his ability was soon acknowledged, and he took his place as one of the ablest members of the bar of Charleston. Here as in Congress his native ability, combined with his active brain, made him a wonderful jury advocate, and his fellow lawyers speak of him as a pleader of eloquence without a peer.

In 1902 he succeeded Col. William Elliott as Representative in Congress from the first district of South Carolina, and since then he may truly be said to have been a figure of national importance.

This is not the time nor the place to tell in detail of his work in Congress. We who have served with him know of the many measures for the good of his people which he accomplished, and his people realize what his life meant to them and, alas, what his death means, too.

His constituents were ever ready to place the seal of their approval upon his work, and he was reelected over

and over again by majorities which showed how much his people loved him.

For several years the battle with disease, which ended on January 31, was fought steadily and bravely. President Taft, who admired and loved him, advised him to go to New Mexico in search of health and had him admitted to a Government sanitarium there. Seemingly he regained his strength, and although President Taft offered him, and was anxious for him to accept, a position in the Southwest, where the climate is high and dry, he declined because his heart turned ever back to South Carolina and his people, whose interests were dearer to him than life itself. For some time after his return to the East his health seemed to be restored, and even the rigors and uncertainties of a Washington winter left him apparently well; but the fatigue of a summer campaign and the exposure due to his desire to show all the hospitality for which Charleston is famous during the visit of the fleet to that port last fall proved too much for his newly regained health, and a severe cold contracted at that time marked the beginning of the end.

There was a feeling with GEORGE LEGARÉ of personal pride and love for the gallant war vessels which rode so proudly in Charleston Harbor last October, for one of them had been named in his honor. President Roosevelt, like everyone who came within the magic sphere of GEORGE LEGARÉ'S influence, loved him, and in his honor named the dreadnought *South Carolina*. This was but an evidence of GEORGE'S popularity among Republicans as well as Democrats. As true as steel to his own party and to his friends, he was nevertheless always ready with his happy faculty of telling a story to bring a smile to the lips and happiness to the hearts of men regardless of their political or religious creeds.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE LEGARÉ

Some one has spoken of him as “a typical southern gentleman and a typical southern politician.” Oh, that the latter were deserved and that his life might be the ideal of those who ask us to consign our interests into their hands!

He was a friend of truth, of soul sincere;
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promises, served no private ends,
Sought no title, and forsook no friends.

His manly, kindly face will be missed in the House, and the cloakrooms and corridors will miss the brightness of his magnetic smile. But though he be dead, the sunny influence which his presence lent will be always with us, while the kindness of his generous heart and gallant nature can never be forgotten. Hundreds of loving friends who in the sunlight of his genial presence had learned to admire and love him—to love him for his manly characteristics, his nobleness of nature, his purity of heart, his deep affection—are overcome with that grief which silence, not language, can alone express.

I say here, while my heart is aching for the friend who has left me, that he was to me a brother, for there are ties stronger than kinship, closer than blood—they are the relationships of the heart—and by every bond of love and congeniality I say GEORGE LEGARÉ was a beloved brother.

Eulogies may express faintly the present sorrow, but they can not depict the permanency of the pain that fills the hearts of those who have been left behind for a while.

The world to-day is darker because our friend has gone, but it does seem to me that heaven must be brighter since the pearly gates were flung wide and GEORGE LEGARÉ entered in.

ADDRESS OF MR. BYRNES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: I was born and reared in the city of Charleston, where GEORGE LEGARÉ resided, and it was my good fortune to know him ever since my boyhood days. He was the son of Edward T. and Kate Malcolmson Graves Legaré, and he was born at Rockville, Charleston County, S. C., in 1870. Though he came of one of the most distinguished families in the State, his parents were possessed of but little means. I think it is true that they were what we in South Carolina call "land poor," and it was not without difficulty that GEORGE was able to secure an education. He attended Porter Military Academy, from which he was graduated with honors in 1889. He then attended the law school of South Carolina University for two years, after which he studied at the Georgetown University law school in this city. While at Georgetown he secured employment in various capacities in the city in order to assist in paying for his tuition and his maintenance. His thirst for knowledge was great, and, overcoming all obstacles, he graduated with the degree of LL. B. in 1893 and immediately returned to Charleston, where he entered actively into the practice of the law as a member of the firm of Murphy, Farrow & Legaré. In 1898 he was elected corporation counsel for the city, which position he held until he was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress. My earliest recollection of him is when I, as a boy, visited the courthouse at Charleston and heard him eloquently pleading the cause of a client. I can recall with what rapt attention I listened to him and how

quickly he won my boyish sympathy for the cause he advocated. Other Representatives who were associated with him here during his entire service have referred to his capacity and his ability as a legislator; but those who knew him only during the last few years can not comprehend or appreciate the talents of the GEORGE LEGARÉ I knew at the bar in Charleston, when he possessed robust health and before he was attacked by the dread disease which finally took him from us. As an advocate in the courthouse he had no equal in the State of South Carolina. Endowed by Providence with gifts most rare, with an astute mind, a musical voice, a keen sense of humor, and a sunny disposition that drew men to him and held them, it was but a short while before he had a large clientele, and while he practiced law there was hardly a case of any importance tried in the courts of his county in which he was not employed. He was equally the master of pathos and humor, and was never more at home than in the trial of a cause. He could reason with irresistible logic to the court and afterwards just as easily draw tears from the eyes of the jury by a sympathetic appeal. His own generosity and experience, which had brought him into contact with the unfortunate, permitted him to speak from his heart, and his eloquent and passionate appeals contributed to his success as an advocate. As an artist plays upon the strings of a musical instrument, so would he play upon the feelings of his listeners, and rarely did he fail to awaken in their hearts a responsive chord. As his reputation as an advocate grew he was associated in the trial of damage suits in many counties of the State, and I recall that he represented the plaintiff in a case in which there was rendered against the Southern Railway the largest verdict in the history of the courts of the State.

During the years in which he practiced law he became known to every inhabitant of the city in which he lived. This was due to what was perhaps the most distinguishing trait of his character—his democracy. It was not the democracy of a demagogue, but of a man who loved mankind and was loyal to his friends. With his distinguished ancestry and his charming personality he was welcomed in the most aristocratic circles in that most aristocratic of cities, Charleston, and he was yet the friend and companion of the poor and the uncultured of that city. He made friends of all men, regardless of political affiliation, religious creed, or racial characteristics. 'Tis true that he brought sunshine into the lives of many, and darkness into the life of no man. He saw only the good in men, refusing to believe that which was not good.

Possessed of these virtues, it is not surprising that when he sought to represent his district in the Fifty-eighth Congress he was elected, and that ever since that time, though he has had opposition once or twice, he has been reelected by overwhelming majorities.

With his service here you are familiar. The same lovable disposition that had won friends for him at home soon made him one of the most popular Members of the House, and the same qualities of mind that had won success for him at home soon made him one of the leaders of this body. He was, above all, an honest legislator. In this, and I presume in every legislative body, there are some men who have not the courage of their own convictions, who, through fear or to satisfy a supposed sentiment among the voters, a sentiment often manufactured by selfish interests, will vote for measures against their own honest convictions. LEGARÉ was not of them. He had the courage of his convictions. He hated insincerity and despised demagoguery. Instead of sacrificing his views he

would vote for what he believed to be right, and if it was not in accord with a request made of him by some of his constituents he would then undertake to prove to them that his was the correct view. His sincerity and honesty were quickly recognized by his constituency and his political success should inspire other legislators to fearlessly stand by their convictions at all times.

Though for the last few years he was in ill health, he continued to labor in behalf of his people, and the manly way in which he bore his suffering and optimistically looked to the future commanded the admiration of his friends. His ill health did not lessen in the least his abundance of good nature or affect the spirit of mischief which often made us regard him as but an overgrown boy. Every member of our delegation has at some time or other been the victim of one of his practical jokes, and one of his most intimate friends tells me that but a few hours before he passed into the great beyond, when he knew the end was near, the same spirit of mischief prompted him to tease the father he loved so well and who was to him a companion as well as a father.

GEORGE was loyal to every friend as well as to every trust, and too much can not be said of this trait in a man's character. He was loved by men because he loved them. He was a better friend to everybody than anybody is to anybody. He loved all mankind, and in his personal associations exemplified the doctrine of "loving his neighbor as himself." It is small wonder that when we went to Charleston to pay the last sad tribute to his mortal remains hundreds of people were unable to gain admission to the church where the funeral services were held. From my knowledge of those people I know that they came from every walk in life, people of all nationalities and of all creeds, and as his body was borne away the

ADDRESS OF MR. BYRNES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

tears that fell from the eyes of strong men, as well as from gentle women, gave proof of the fact that it was no idle curiosity that brought them there, but that it was their last tender tribute to one whom they loved.

His body now rests in beautiful Magnolia, on the Cooper, but his memory lives and will ever live in the hearts of those whose good fortune it was to know him.

Mr. Ellerbe assumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

ADDRESS OF MR. FINLEY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER:

An age which passes over in silence the merits of the heroic deserves as a punishment that it should not bring forth such a one in its midst.

We are met to-day to do honor to the memory of GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina, and in assembling to commemorate the virtues and cherish the example of one whose life was spent in the public service we perform a duty which we owe not only to the departed dead but to ourselves and to future generations.

GEORGE SWINTON LEGARÉ was born at Rockville on Wadmalaw Island, Charleston County, S. C., in 1870. He was the son of Maj. Edward T. and Kate Malcolmson Graves Legaré, and came of a family distinguished in the history of South Carolina. This family was one of the large number of Huguenot families whose founders came to America and settled in the lower part of South Carolina during the years 1685-86. Contemporary writers describe these settlements and the character of the people with great admiration, and it was of this colony that Gen. Lawson said:

They have no differences among themselves; union hath propagated a happy and delightful concord in all matters throughout the whole neighborhood; living among themselves as one tribe or kindred, every one of them making it his business to be assistant to the wants of his countrymen, preserving his estate and reputation with the same exactness and concern as he does his own; all seeming to share in the misfortunes and share in the advancement of their brethren.

Of such stock did GEORGE LEGARÉ spring, and many of their characteristics we see reproduced in him. When a boy he moved to Charleston, where he earned the money with which to pay for his education at the Porter Military Academy, graduating with honors in 1889. He attended the University of South Carolina for two years, and later, a clerkship, which he secured at Washington, enabled him to complete the law course at Georgetown University, where he graduated with the degree of LL. B. in 1893. Returning to Charleston he was admitted to the bar of South Carolina and entered upon a large and lucrative practice, in the discharge of which his ability soon placed him among the leaders of the Charleston bar. As a jury advocate he was especially able, throwing his whole soul into every speech that he delivered, and speaking with an eloquence that earnestness of conviction and a winning personality made most effective.

In 1893 Mr. LEGARÉ married Miss Frances Izlar, daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. James F. Izlar, of Orangeburg, and to them were born six children, four of whom are living. In 1898 he was elected corporation counsel of the city of Charleston and held that position until 1903, when he was elected to represent the first South Carolina district in Congress. He was reelected to the Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, Sixty-first, and Sixty-second Congresses, and was in November reelected to the Sixty-third Congress. As a Representative in Congress, Mr. LEGARÉ reflected great credit on his district and his State by the ability with which he discharged his duties. Possessed of a mind of unusual brilliance, strengthened by education and broadened by culture, he made himself master of any subject to which he devoted his attention. While essentially a Democrat and a partisan, his breadth of outlook comprehended the needs of the whole Nation, and his desire for its welfare marked him as possessing that trait which distinguishes

the statesman from the politician. Mr. LEGARÉ was always a hard and conscientious worker, and even in the later years, when failing health made the discharge of his public duties increasingly difficult, he remained at his post of duty and accomplished much of benefit, both to his constituents and to the country at large. He secured many needed improvements for his district, among them money with which to build the new immigration station at Charleston, appropriations for the Charleston Navy Yard, and for the deepening of the Ashley River. He was instrumental in securing the passage of a bill for a new battleship, and in recognition of his services the ship was named *South Carolina*.

Although last winter in a weakened condition of health, which hardly permitted of his remaining in Washington, he delivered two speeches on the floor of the House which evoked favorable comment from all parts of the country. His speech against the recall of judicial decisions was a potent factor in defeating the admission of Arizona as a State while this objectionable feature remained in her constitution. He also took a leading part in the fight for the abrogation of the treaty with Russia, because of her persecution of the Jews, and as a token of their esteem he was presented last year with a gift by his Jewish friends in Charleston.

There remains another side of his character which perhaps contributed more largely than anything else to his great success in life. In addition to high ideals he possessed in an unusual degree the happy faculty of making friends. His was a personality so winning and magnetic that he seemed to make friends without effort, and the friendships once acquired his charm of manner and lofty character always retained. Loyalty to his friends was one of the guiding principles of his life. He was an optimist in friendship, looking for the good in people and

trusting them as long as they would let him. To such a person the world acts as a mirror, giving back always the kind of treatment accorded it. As a result GEORGE LEGARÉ numbered his friends almost by his acquaintances, and if, as the proverb says, "There are as many uses for friendship as for fire and water," then GEORGE LEGARÉ possessed one of the essential things of life in an unusual degree. He was the most generally popular man the city of Charleston has produced since the Civil War, and of all the Members of this House there was probably no one better loved than he. The sense of loss felt at his passing is general and very great. In the termination of such a life as his we can not but feel great sorrow; yet if we believe with the poet, that—

The living are the only dead;
The dead live nevermore to die,

we know that it is not for the dead themselves we sorrow, but for the vacant place their going makes with those who are left behind. I can not better sum up the life lived by GEORGE LEGARÉ than in the words of William II of Germany:

To be strong in pain; not to desire what is unattainable or worthless; to be content with the day as it comes; to seek the good in everything and to have joy in nature and men, even as they are; for a thousand bitter hours to console one's self with one that is beautiful, and in doing and putting forth effort always to give one's best, even if it brings no thanks. He who learns that and can do that is a happy man, a free man, a proud man; his life will always be beautiful.

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members of the House who wish so to do may have leave to print remarks in the Record relative to the life, character, and public service of the late GEORGE S. LEGARÉ.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE LEGARÉ

Mr. Finley resumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

ADJOURNMENT

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In accordance with the resolution previously adopted, the Chair declares the House adjourned until 10.30 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Accordingly (at 8 o'clock and 28 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 24, 1913, at 10.30 o'clock a. m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

FRIDAY, *January 31, 1913.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

January 31, 1913.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of 16 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. President, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask for their adoption.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE LEGARÉ

The resolutions (S. Res. 445) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of nine Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate pro tempore, to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to attend the funeral of the deceased, at Charleston, S. C.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The President pro tempore appointed, under the second resolution, as the committee on the part of the Senate, Mr. Tillman, Mr. Smith of South Carolina, Mr. Martine of New Jersey, Mr. Swanson, Mr. Perky, Mr. Myers, Mr. Gronna, Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Poindexter.

Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. President, I move, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, that the Senate take a recess until 11.45 o'clock to-morrow morning.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until to-morrow, Saturday, February 1, 1913, at 11.45 o'clock a. m.

MONDAY, *February 17, 1913.*

Mr. TILLMAN. Mr. President, I wish to give notice that on March 1, 1913, I will ask the Senate to consider resolutions commemorative of the life and public character of GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, late a Representative in Congress from the State of South Carolina.

MONDAY, *February 24, 1913.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, transmitted to the Senate resolu-

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

tions of the House of Representatives on the life and public services of Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

SATURDAY, *March 1, 1913.*

The Senate met at 10 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the gracious Providence which brings us to this day of solemn and reverent memory. As we recall the life and public service of him whom we this day commemorate, we pray Thee to inspire our minds and to give utterance to our lips, that we may fitly honor the life which Thou hast called to Thy nearer presence and to Thy higher service.

We pray Thee, our Father, to comfort those that mourn. Uphold them by Thy heavenly grace and grant that neither the height of remembered joys nor the depth of sorrows that can not be forgotten, nor the present with its burdens nor the future with its loneliness may be able to separate them from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

In the name of Him who abolished death and brought life and immortality to light, hear Thou our prayer. Amen.

Mr. Gallinger took the chair as President pro tempore under the previous order of the Senate.

The Secretary proceeded to read the Journal of yesterday's proceedings, when, on request of Mr. Smoot and by unanimous consent, the further reading was dispensed with, and the Journal was approved.

Mr. SMITH of South Carolina. Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE LEGARÉ

House of Representatives on the death of Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, my late colleague in that body.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Page in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions of the House of Representatives, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

February 23, 1913.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, late a Member of this House from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House at the conclusion of these exercises shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. SMITH of South Carolina. Mr. President, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk and ask for their adoption.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from South Carolina will be read.

The resolutions (S. Res. 492) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate expresses its profound sorrow on account of the death of the Hon. GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute may be paid his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the family of the deceased.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. SMITH, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. PRESIDENT: Those not familiar with the conditions in the South during the first two decades subsequent to the war between the States can form no adequate conception of the struggle to maintain a scanty livelihood and the South's civilization. The war drained our resources, impoverished our people, and placed us in a position where the first and indispensable consideration was the means of obtaining food and clothing.

Schools were closed because the children were necessary to help supplement the efforts of their parents in this struggle. The fathers and mothers of the South appreciated then, as they do now, the necessity for education, but were unable materially to assist their children in obtaining it.

The marvelous advancement in the material wealth of this section is not the greatest commentary upon the spirit, resourcefulness, and character of the southern people. The most lasting and glorious monument to their indomitable courage and high ideals is in the fact that, in spite of conditions unparalleled in the history of a civilized people, in spite of poverty, in spite of the temporary domination of alien forces, they still maintained their ideals and kept burning on the altar of their institutions the fires of education and progress.

The inherited spirit of a long line of indomitable ancestors fired the hearts of the children; born in these adverse circumstances, from the ashes of disaster these arose to

march undaunted to the ultimate goal of education, of refinement, and culture to the achievement of material, mental, and moral wealth.

There is perhaps no page of history which, if it was written in all its fullness, would become such a lesson of inspiration and hope as the history of the struggle of the youth of the South during these dark days.

The glory won on a thousand battle fields, the proof of heroism there given, the unconquerable nerve and courage there displayed do not surpass that displayed by the boys and girls of the South in their struggle to conquer the difficulties surrounding them and to maintain their birthright.

Congressman LEGARÉ, like many another, was a victim of these circumstances. But with a keen appreciation of the condition in which he found himself, and a desire to overcome these conditions, he set himself resolutely to the battle before him. His fight for success, though but the common history of many another, does not detract one jot or tittle from the measure of praise due him.

He was born on Wadmalaw Island, near Charleston, in 1870.

In boyhood he removed to Charleston and engaged in the dairy business. The money that he saved from this occupation he used in paying for his education. He was fortunate in being in a city where there were, perhaps, the best facilities for education then in the State. He took a course at the Porter Military Academy and then spent two years at the University of South Carolina.

Congressman George D. Tillman gave him a clerkship here in Washington. This gave him an opportunity of completing his legal education. He attended the law school of Georgetown University. At this time he had the opportunity of acquiring an insight into congressional

life, of which he availed himself, as his subsequent life fully attested. He graduated from the Georgetown University in 1893 and was admitted to practice in the courts of South Carolina in the same year. He located in Charleston, and in the course of his successful practice he became associated with the firm of Murphy, Farrow & Legaré, one of the best-known and most successful law firms in eastern South Carolina. After the death of Mr. Farrow, the firm name was continued as that of Murphy & Legaré. During the latter years of his life he practiced law by himself until the condition of his health forced him to retire from active practice. Mr. LEGARÉ was one of the strong jury lawyers of the Charleston bar. He was a man of remarkable personal magnetism. He had to a preeminent degree the personal characteristics that make for popularity and success—a clear thinker, a good story-teller, of a genial disposition. These characteristics enabled him to make friends wherever he went and served him in attaining success, both in private and public life.

He was elected corporation counsel of the city of Charleston and held this position until 1903, at which time he was elected to Congress.

The characteristics above referred to made him one of the best-loved and most popular Members of that great body. Members of both political parties loved him. And in his native State, both rich and poor, black and white, got close to the heart of GEORGE LEGARÉ.

Others will speak of his domestic and private life.

Mr. LEGARÉ died in the prime of his manhood. For years he was fully aware of the fate that awaited him. He was thoroughly conscious that the end must come to him soon. He displayed the same courage in face of this unconquerable foe as he had displayed in the presence

of difficulties which he had overcome, and went to his doom with a splendid fortitude.

The perfection of a circle does not depend upon the length of its diameter. And the lesson of the short, bright, successful life of GEORGE LEGARÉ is as perfect as though it had spanned the circle of three score years and ten and had gone out in the mellow glow of the natural evening of life.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILLIAMS, OF MISSISSIPPI

MR. PRESIDENT: The Senate has just heard the story of the struggle of a broken family in the South to reestablish itself. I need not, therefore, dwell upon that, though I had thought I would. It is an old problem, very dear to my heart.

GEORGE S. LEGARÉ was of old Huguenot stock, of that superb breed of honest, sturdy, middle-class Frenchmen who in south and central France resisted religious and political oppression to the death point, welcoming cessation of life rather than lame surrender of conviction in life.

When Louis XIV rescinded the Edict of Nantes he prepared for struggle in many countries an army of French immigrants, against whom France, in great crises, struggled in diplomacy and upon the battle field in vain for very many decades. They carried to other lands arts, industry, simple living, and high thinking, and to no other country was it carried by them more than to South Carolina. The Legaré family afterwards became typical in American national thought of southern slave-holding aristocracy, so much so that the name, without any basis of fact, was taken as parcel of Mrs. Stowe's indictment of the South in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

It will be news to many that no better democrats ever lived than GEORGE LEGARÉ and his family preceding him. If they shared any feeling of aristocracy at all, it was one in favor of clean speech, wife-loving domesticity, and loyalty to superior intelligence, breeding, and character wherever it might exist. If this be aristocracy, I profess no animosity to it.

South Carolina's record as a State of courage and initiative has been chiefly due to its Huguenot and Scotch-Irish traditions and ideals, its passion for religious and individual liberty and self-government, its passion for emphasizing the man and God, the only two realities in a spiritual sense.

GEORGE LEGARÉ was a gentleman, every inch of him, physically, mentally, and morally. If to be a gentleman be to be an aristocrat, I again confess no animosity to aristocracy. Lovable, loving, manly in strength, womanly in sacrifice and in devotion to ideals and in tender-heartedness, I lay my wreath upon his bier. Suffering for many years with a known advertisement of death, apt to visit him at any moment, he never faltered, but carried a smile with superb courage to the grave.

May God soften a blow harder than most deaths would be to the wife who was like him and to the ancient lineage of which he was so worthy a representative. In his lifetime he never asked and never refused quarter. There, too, he was a gentleman. In eternity, what he meted out to others in courage and in kindliness of heart will be meted out to him, and no apology in the chancel of God will be necessary.

ADDRESS OF MR. TOWNSEND, OF MICHIGAN

MR. PRESIDENT: I have sometimes thought that Congressmen do not appreciate as fully as they ought to do the sacred duty which is imposed upon them by the setting apart of days upon which to memorialize their departed colleagues. The dead do not need our words of praise; they are not affected by our censure. If we have waited to express to them our feelings of regard, if we have withheld our acts of kindness until they are dead, our opportunity to render these blessed services to them is gone, but we can in some measure extend the beneficence of their virtues by embalming them in records which will be read and appreciated by others. Furthermore, it is well for the Congress to pause for a sacred hour when one of our associates whom we have known and loved enters the Great Beyond. And this is so because of the benefit to the Congressmen themselves. They are made a little kinder, a little better, a little stronger by contemplating the virtues and the death of a good man.

To me this day affords a precious opportunity to speak of one whom most of you did not know, but whom I knew intimately and well, and loved dearly for his splendid qualities of heart and mind.

GEORGE S. LEGARÉ and I entered together the Fifty-eighth Congress, and at the very beginning of our freshman year we became acquainted, and the acquaintance grew and strengthened into the strongest bond of friendship and love. I knew him as a Congressman; I became acquainted with his social and political standing in his home district in Charleston, S. C.; I had intimate knowledge of his beautiful family relations. I was his sincere

and admiring friend, as was everyone who knew him well. When he entered Congress he was but 33 years old and, with an unusually bright intellect, an unsullied character, a forceful yet kindly disposition, and a seemingly strong and robust body, his future seemed peculiarly bright and promising. Coming, as he did come, from South Carolina, he was a Democrat. He loved the traditions of his country and gloried in the heroism and bravery of her southern sons. His father was in the Confederate Army, and in the awful devastation of the Civil War lost everything of material value; but that father lived to see a redeemed and reunited Union and its mighty interests represented in the National Home of Representatives by his devoted and well-beloved son.

Congressman LEGARÉ was a patriot, and in his geography there was no Mason and Dixon's line, not even a twilight zone between the North and the South. He was big enough and wise enough and good enough to represent not only South Carolina, but Maine and California and Michigan as well. Sectionalism was unfelt by him, and he believed in one country and one flag, unlimited by State boundaries, unstained by prejudice or passion.

Two times he went with me into Michigan to address Republican banquets there, and while he did not depart from his political faith, he uttered such sentiments of patriotism and brotherly love that those who heard him became his friends and admirers. In each of his Michigan audiences were scores of northern veterans of the Civil War, and I can yet see the tears course down their grizzled cheeks as he spoke so eloquently and so feelingly of conditions in the Southland after the war, of his respect and honor for those who fought against his people to maintain the Union, of his glorious ideals for the future. The death of this good man was a sad event in Charleston, but sorrow was not confined to that city. It touched

hundreds of hearts in Michigan, and men and women there who had met and known him were sincere mourners.

I believed and have so expressed myself many times that GEORGE S. LEGARÉ was an evangel between the North and South. He preached not alone by words but by life and action the gospel of national fraternity and good will. Michigan came closer to the South because he spoke to and mingled with her people. South Carolina had a broader view of nationality, a kindlier feeling for the northerner, because he lived among and taught them. I know this is true so far as my State is concerned, and I believe it is equally true in his State, for I went with him once to Charleston and addressed a great audience in that city composed in a large part of men who wore the gray, and I received a sympathetic and enthusiastic hearing. It seemed that all vied with each other to give me welcome and to make me feel at home. They were echoing the sentiments of their generous Congressman.

Some time, as I remember it now, in the Fifty-ninth Congress Representative LEGARÉ became aware of the awful fact that the "white plague" was upon him. He went to Fort Bayard, N. Mex., where he was treated at the Government tuberculosis hospital during something less than a year, and then returned so improved in health that he and his friends believed that he had mastered the dread destroyer. He again entered upon his congressional duties and by spending his vacations at his mountain home in Pickens, S. C., and by using due care as to living conditions he seemed in fairly good health, and we again had high hopes for his future usefulness. His district was proud of him, and it so loved him that it would not think of sending another to Congress in his place. Not until last year did any member of his party enter the primaries against him, and his political campaigns put

no additional burden upon him. Last year, however, a contestant appeared against him, and while the Congressman's nomination was assured, yet he entered vigorously into the campaign, and the work thus done hastened his mortal existence to its close. The smoldering embers of consumption were fanned into a consuming fire, and the life so dear to his family and friends and so useful to his State burned out. Thus went out from this Congress one of the brightest and most lovable men I have ever known.

He has left a loved and loving wife who is almost heart-broken over her lover's death. They were sweethearts always, as much so during every year of their wedded life as on the day when the minister joined their hands to consummate their prior union of hearts in holy wedlock. To this happy pair six children were born, four of whom survive. They are beautiful children and were the pride of their father, as they will be the joy and comfort of their mother. A devoted father and mother survive him. In their old age their principal joy and comfort centered in their distinguished son, and these bereaved parents have my sincere sympathy. That his going away has left his home desolate but feebly states the fact. His loved ones have, however, only precious memories of a loving husband, father, and son, but they have no regrets caused by any failure of gentle care and unfeigned devotion to their dead. Earth is not so bright as before he left, but heaven is dearer and richer since he entered there.

It is difficult when the doctor gently lays the pulseless hand upon the death-stilled breast; when the casket is lowered into earth's narrow cell; when the funeral cortege returns from the cemetery; when the lights go out and memory is the only companion—it is difficult then to speak the word which comforts the heart bereft. To me, however, it is most comforting to know that I have had

the friendship of a good man; that I have known him well and found him true and loyal, for having so known him I can not lose him, certainly not that part of him which is impressed upon my innermost life; and besides, if there be another and a better existence—and who can doubt there is?—then surely the good, the beautiful, and the true must be preserved, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

I do not know what the after life is nor where, but I know it is. Else why the speculation as to it? Why this longing for immortality? On what other theory can we explain the broken plans, the unfinished work, the incomplete lives? Is mind, which is a concomitant of human life, an exception to the universal law which denies the destructibility of any force? Surely no greater, no more potent, no more evident force than mind is known. It is king of matter and subjugates other forces. If there be a God, then mind is His manifestation and therefore eternal.

I love to think that our departed friends are nearer than we know; and anyway it is but a few days, more or less, before we shall be with them, and then we may know and understand some of the things which now baffle our philosophy.

GEORGE LEGARÉ made the world better and brighter because he lived in it, and although his name may not be written large on its tablets of fame he has fallen asleep with the sweet consciousness that he left no wrongs unrequited, no enemies to cherish hatred, no unhealed wounds caused by him, no duty unperformed. But he has left an example of heroic courage in the face of a relentless and unconquerable malady, of loving kindness which knew no limits save those of his ability to do and be, of a man whom to know was to love. What is earth's fame compared with such a glorious record as this?

All the petty distinctions of rich and poor, of great and small, of high and low disappear when the grim messen-

ger knocks at palace and hut. There may be a more costly funeral equipage and a few more floral designs in one case than in the other, but for each the coffin only contains clay and the dead catch no fragrance from the flowers. Both spirits take their flight to their source of being, and there, stripped of all earthly decorations, that one will be most radiantly attired, most joyously welcomed which is clothed with the radiance of good deeds and an unblemished character.

If it were not for the good, upright, splendid men I have met and known, I should feel that my official career had not been a great personal satisfaction. The denial of financial opportunities, the destruction of the blessings of a real home, the heartburning of political contests, the worry and work over the many times perplexing questions of government would hardly be compensated by the temporary prominence, the too frequent shoddy distinctions, the evanescent glamour of public place; but when you add to the credit side the real friendship which comes from contact and association with genuine men the balance is on the right side. To have known such men as Congressman LEGARÉ so well is to be compensated now and forever.

ADDRESS OF MR. SHEPPARD, OF TEXAS

Mr. PRESIDENT: The words of the preacher, the son of David, King in Jerusalem:

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

For thousands of years this brief expression has embodied one of the world's principal viewpoints of the philosophy of life. And I believe that it suggests another viewpoint which in the same form would read:

Tragedy of tragedies, all is tragedy.

In very truth the dominant note of human experience is a note of sorrow. The period of childhood, in which life seems eternal and death seems meaningless, is the only period free from earth's deeper woes. The visions and the dreams we knew as children fade rapidly with the disillusionments of maturer years.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

Thus spoke William Wordsworth in voicing the idea that in early childhood we retain impressions of an immortality which was ours before physical birth and to which we return when physical death has followed the

trials, the toils, the miseries of human existence. Continuing, he says:

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

The tragedies of humanity find no more somber and no more forcible illustration than in the death of GEORGE LEGARÉ. Ten years ago he came to Congress with every indication of a brilliant destiny. He impressed his colleagues with an immediate appreciation of his power and his poise. Attractive in presence as he was gifted in mind, his bearing was worthy of the illustrious family from which he came, of the best traditions of his State and country. His face reflected the chivalry of his nature, a heart so gentle and so generous that the South could point to him as one of the rarest flowers of her soul and soil.

It was natural that he should have won an instant popularity in the American House of Representatives. He was an aggressive Democrat, but Republicans admired and honored him as much as did his own party associates. May his example grow until personal hostility shall have disappeared from American politics forever.

It was a graceful tribute to him and to the South when he was invited to Michigan to deliver an address on Abraham Lincoln. He performed this honorable and patriotic labor so impressively and so eloquently that the memory of GEORGE LEGARÉ will be cherished with as much affection by the people of Michigan as by the people of his own

State. This address on Lincoln was made in the district represented at that time by Mr. Townsend, now a Senator from Michigan, between whom and LEGARÉ an attachment arose almost like that of brothers. This friendship between Townsend and LEGARÉ—between Michigan and South Carolina, between the North and the South—was a most beautiful and touching evidence of a united country.

Another striking feature of LEGARÉ's career was the devotion of his constituents. Such was their loyalty that although the struggle with disease kept him away from Washington the greater part of his time, he was returned election after election without a sign of opposition.

Mr. President, there never passed from earth a nobler spirit than that of GEORGE LEGARÉ. The premature closing of a life that offered such a rich fruition illustrates the predominance of the tragic in the drama of mankind. The rose has perished in the bud, but in God's garden of the stars it will open with a fragrance that shall linger through eternity.

ADDRESS OF MR. GRONNA, OF NORTH DAKOTA

MR. PRESIDENT: We meet to pay our respects to the life and memory of GEORGE S. LEGARÉ, late a Representative of South Carolina, with whom I had the privilege and pleasure of serving in the Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, and the Sixty-first Congresses.

MR. LEGARÉ was a favorite among the Members of the House of Representatives, Republicans as well as Democrats. Not only was he popular, but beloved by those who had learned to know him well. He possessed a cheerful disposition, which is one of the attributes that helps to make our lives more happy and also makes loyal and true friends. It was not a difficult matter to form the acquaintance of Mr. LEGARÉ, because he was as easily approached as he was ready to approach others whenever he could render services that would add to the welfare and happiness of others.

MR. LEGARÉ possessed not only a sunny disposition, but a keen intellect, a high sense of honor, and an abiding faith in mankind. He was always hopeful and ready to sacrifice his own interests for the benefit of others and, if necessary, deny himself pleasure if he thought it would bring more happiness to his fellow men. Such men are valuable, and I might say rare in our days, and the world can ill afford to lose them. But when one's earthly life work is ended and the body is consigned to its last resting place, on such an occasion all good men are mourned and often pitied because they look upon the grave as a cold and gloomy place of rest, forgetting that it is only the end of an earthly journey and that it is the transition from a weary, troublesome, and uncertain

life to a more hopeful, happy, and everlasting one. Mr. LEGARÉ's life was full of promise and hope; he was a true friend, a patriotic citizen, and possessed marked ability as a lawyer and statesman.

I was one of the committee who attended the funeral in his home city, Charleston, S. C. One familiar with the noble life of Mr. LEGARÉ could easily realize the cause of the profound and heartfelt sorrow which was manifested by his immediate family and large circle of friends over his untimely death. To these sorrowing friends we must add a word of comfort, but I believe it can not be done in a better or more fitting way than to ask them to review the history of his own life work, which is so inspiring and beautiful.

ADDRESS OF MR. MARTINE, OF NEW JERSEY

MR. PRESIDENT: The world is richer and happier for the life of generous, kind-hearted, and true men; sadder and poorer for their death. I feel all will say these words well apply to the life and death of GEORGE LEGARÉ. I was not as well acquainted with him as some other Senators, but I was close enough to him to have learned the splendid traits of his character. As you looked into his deep, soulful eyes you were impressed with the love, sincerity, and loyalty that prompted his every thought and action. GEORGE LEGARÉ has gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns, but he left with us, his family, and neighbors sweet and pleasant memories.

Mr. President, as one of the committee from this body to attend his funeral, I was much impressed and my heart deeply touched by the sad and tearful cortège of friends and neighbors in attendance at his funeral. Rich and poor, white and black, young and old, all crowded in a mournful procession of thousands to drop a tear at his bier and then to pass on to the beautiful cemetery, the home and resting place of many of South Carolina's illustrious dead.

Mr. President, oh, what a day of sadness that was for the city of Charleston. The morning was ushered in with fitful gusts of wind, the sky was overhung with dark and lowering clouds, all adding to the sadness and gloom of the day; but as the hour approached when the recital of "dust to dust, earth to earth" was to be pronounced by the clergyman the winds subsided, the clouds parted, and the warm glow of a southern sun shed its rays and blessings on all around.

We then laid away forever from the sight of his heart-broken widow, children, and fellow countrymen all that was mortal of a faithful husband, a loving father, and patriotic citizen—GEORGE LEGARÉ.

Mr. President, we laid away our brother in life's battles in a beautiful spot, amid the rich foliage and glorious bloom of the Sunny South. The chirp of the birds seemed an effort to drown the sobs of the stricken and bereaved ones on every side. All nature seemed to join in solemn effort to pronounce benediction over the well-spent life of an honest man.

GEORGE LEGARÉ has left to his family and to his country a heritage richer than gold, more enduring and impressive than shafts and tombs of stone; he has left the name of an honest man, the greatest work of the eternal God. Mr. President, it is my prayer, and you will join me, that as Heaven tempers the winds to the shorn lamb so may the solace of God's comfort be ever with the stricken widow and children of GEORGE LEGARÉ.

ADDRESS OF MR. TILLMAN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. PRESIDENT: What I shall say on this occasion will be brief, for time presses and no amount of words can add anything to the sweetness of GEORGE LEGARÉ's memory or afford any consolation to his friends for his death. Words do not assuage grief. They only show the devotion and love of friends and relatives.

All who knew him loved GEORGE LEGARÉ too well to desecrate his memory with mere lip service. I first knew him when he was little more than a boy. He was bright and buoyant, and was so happy himself, bubbling over with vitality and fun, that he brought sunshine into every company he entered. This buoyancy and lightness of heart characterized him all his life, and was the main reason why so many men loved him. In all my experience I do not recall a single man who was his equal in this respect. I do not remember to have ever met a human being who enjoyed a joke more than he did. I smile frequently now to myself when I recall his recital of some of the practical jokes he perpetrated on his father, wife, and brother Congressmen. For him to do a thing of this kind was natural and like water running down hill. The beauty of it all was there was never any malice or intention to wound, and none of his jests ever did leave a wound or scar. In fact, such practical jokes were an absolute guaranty that the person on whom was the laugh was a good friend or loved one.

His associations with his family were ideal; always manly, loving, high-minded, and thoughtful. Almost the last time he and I talked together he told me of an incident, showing the manner of man he was clearly to me,

who am a father. He said he noticed his little son, a boy of 12, "Bill," as he called him, had a habit of going behind the barn. Being curious to see what he did there, he followed one day and found him smoking a cigarette. He said to him: "Bill, why do you hide such things from me? My boy, it is not manly to sneak around and smoke this way; if you want to smoke, come and smoke with me. I wish, though, you would not smoke, because it will make a runt of you by stopping your growth and will ruin your health; but don't hide it. If you will smoke, use a pipe instead of a cigar or cigarette; that will be less harmful. I will get you a pipe if you want me to."

This openness with his own boy was characteristic of the man in dealing with men. I do not believe he could have played the hypocrite if he had tried. In all the years I knew him I do not remember to have ever seen the least cause for suspicion or hint of hypocrisy. Withal he was brave as a lion, illustrating the lines of the poet:

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

GEORGE LEGARÉ was incapable of lying or trying to deceive anyone; and yet his popularity with his political antagonists was phenomenal, due entirely to his openness, frankness, and courage, as well as to other lovable qualities which draw men to each other in spite of themselves. He simply magnetized them.

We all recall Tom Brown's illustration of human likes and dislikes:

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I can not tell;
But this at least I know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.

As Tom Brown did not like Doctor Fell, so men could not help loving GEORGE LEGARÉ, and loved him in spite of themselves, simply because they were obliged to.

I remember a letter I wrote him when he first went to New Mexico to the Government sanitarium, in which I quoted a verse from a song I heard in Chicago some years ago:

There is something in your manner,
There is something in your smile,
There is something in your handshake
That is just my style.

So it was. I loved him as though he were my own son, and he reciprocated in kind. Our associations since I came to Washington have been the most intimate. When he had anything he wanted attended to in the Senate, he came to me naturally and instinctively. It was a pleasure to help him in his own work in the House of Representatives, and I shall miss him more than I like to think. His passing away at the early age of 43 is almost a calamity to the people of South Carolina, and to the people of Charleston in particular. Those people feel it, too. His work as a public man gave bright promise of a brilliant future, and had his life been spared his abilities and happy knack of making friends and linking them to him with hooks of steel made everything possible that a public man can attain. Life in Washington is not the same now that GEORGE is gone, for he made frequent visits to my office, and all the clerks and others who came in contact with him loved him, because they could not help it.

That he was loved at his home almost universally was shown by the vast throng which filled the church to overflowing and the churchyard and street outside when his funeral was held.

I often think, and have thought more on the subject of late years than ever before, about death and the hereafter. We all know we have to die. That is a truism which makes very little impression on the mind and leaves practically no ideas behind it. To most people the

words leave no impression at all, for, fortunately, human beings are so constituted that they can dismiss the idea of death in connection with themselves while realizing it to the fullest extent when thinking of other people. As some one has put it, "Old age, sickness, death, and hell are for others; not for us."

Cæsar when master of the world was stricken down by the daggers of assassins, and yet the world moved on just the same. To quote from Mark Antony's oration over his corpse:

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he here,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

Napoleon Bonaparte, who towered over Europe like a colossus and ruthlessly trampled the nations under his heel, was tempted by fate and driven by ambition to go too far. And when the Russian campaign had robbed him of his veterans, he became a prisoner after Waterloo and died at St. Helena of a broken heart. His career was the tragedy of the last century. He died—

Leaving a name at which the world turns pale
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

His death caused not even a ripple, except that the world breathed more freely. The greatest and mightiest of earth go down to death, and it causes little or no disturbance or notice.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

This Congress in its brief life of two years has witnessed the departure of 7 men from the Senate and 18 from the House of Representatives. Verily—

We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this sun-illumin'd lantern held
In midnight by the Master of the show.

Death and its terrors and the grave and its horrors have been prolific of thought to the poets. Some of them have drawn very gloomy pictures of the grave, while others have given us some very noble and sweet thoughts about it. Shakespeare says:

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Again, in Hamlet we have this graphic portrayal:

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown, with restless violence, round about
The pendent world.

Both pictures are horrible, and I much prefer to associate GEORGE LEGARÉ with another poem, which I clipped from a newspaper not long ago, credited to Robert Louis Stevenson, but I have failed to find it in his works:

Though he that ever kind and true
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole long, gusty lifetime through,
 Be gone a while before—
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet doubt not; anon the seasons will restore
 Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will
Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill,
 That selfsame arduous way—
That selfsame upland hopeful way
That you and he through many a doubtful day
 Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread
Got some few trifling steps ahead
 And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past this bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
 You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart. The while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile,
 Till you can overtake,
And strains his eyes to search his wake,
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
 Waits on a stile.

This is so much more in keeping with the man whose life and virtues we are commemorating to-day that I prefer to think of him in that way rather than in the other. I love to believe and feel that GEORGE LEGARÉ, although I saw his body put in the grave, is not dead, but is waiting for me “around the bend in the road.” I believe if his spirit can have its way that he “waits on a stile” to greet those he loved here.

Of course, none of us can know until we ourselves die what death really is, and even then we will not know, because we will know nothing; but at least we will have the satisfaction, if we can feel and think at all—if our entity is not entirely destroyed and wiped out—of knowing that the mystery to us is only solved by dying. The spirit is simply released from its fleshly bonds, that is all.

We speak of the “great beyond” and “over the river” and other phrases of like character to symbolize our departure from among our friends here. It is a far more consoling thought to believe and feel that our loved ones around the “bend in the road” are waiting and looking backward over the shoulder for us to catch up than to

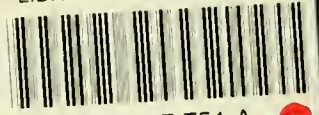
MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE LEGARÉ

feel that they are in the cold and clammy grave, with no light or air or anything else which we so enjoy here.

I have a mother, brothers, sisters, and two children who are around this “bend,” and the greatest hope I have—and I believe it religiously, or I would be in despair—is that when I die I shall rejoin them.



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